

Billy's a Bully, But (He's Been There Too) by womenseemwicked

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Summary:

Billy and Steve have been messing around in locker rooms and the back seats of cars for weeks, and things are starting to get serious. But with the prospect of an actual relationship comes all the insecurity and doubt that being gay in Indiana in 1984 naturally brings. They go to the woods to talk these feelings out and run into someone who needs them to be stronger than they feel.

In which Steve and Billy are not quite the fairy godmothers that Will Byers deserves, but perhaps they're the ones that he needs.

Billy's a Bully, But (He's Been There Too)

Author's Note:

This was written for week two of flippyspoon's Playing Card Prompt Challenge on Tumblr. I got the Queen of Hearts (Genre: hurt/comfort, Object: a letter or Billy's earring), another Queen (Third character: Will), and a Six (Location: the woods).

We were also given the option for smut, so I may have thrown in some smut at the end.

Billy takes one last look at the note he found in his locker that morning and steps out the front door of Hawkins' High.

Woods after fourth? You were right. We need to talk. -S

He glances over the parking lot, but Steve's Beemer is already gone. He considers ignoring the note one last time, but he knows there'd be explanations due then, and it'll be easier to just talk to Steve now and get it over with. After all, this talk *had* been his idea. Lighting a cigarette with one hand, Billy pulls out of the parking lot and into the road.

Steve is chain smoking on the hood of his car at their usual spot when Billy pulls up, watching as Billy kills the engine and steps out of the Camaro. Billy approaches him casually and nods toward the cigarette in Steve's hand like any other day, asking for a hit even though he only just finished his own one. Steve holds it out for him reflexively, and Billy takes a long drag, holding his gaze the whole time.

Billy is the first to speak after he's held the smoke in his lungs for a beat and exhaled it all through his nose and mouth.

"I'm sorry."

He's always been told never to start an argument that way, so he figures this was as good a way as any to show Steve that he isn't here

to fight. Still, the weakness of it makes the back of his shoulders ache. Steve frowns.

"For what?" he asks.

Billy shrugs.

"Nothing," he says. "Everything. I just thought I'd start there and we could move forward. I know I'm a shit... whatever we are. Friend. Enemy. Lover..."

"You're *not* my enemy."

Billy smiles, but it's tight. Worried.

"Good," he says. "That's a start."

Steve nods.

"Shall we?" he indicates the woods, slipping off the hood of his car and crushing the cigarette under his sneaker.

Billy follows.

They walk in silence for a while, just out of arm's reach, the crunch of fallen leaves and the first snow of the season filling the silence between them. Usually, that in itself is a kind of foreplay, but today it just adds to the cold and the strain between them. Billy curses the part of him that always makes this happen. The part that can't accept a good thing for what it is and always has to assume the worst.

Steve likes getting off with you, he thinks to himself bitterly. Hell, he even stands your presence when you're not sucking his dick. Isn't that enough? It's certainly more than you deserve!

But it isn't enough. Now that he's had a taste, Billy can't just leave it at that. Can't feel safe with this, the safest boy he's ever fucking been with, until he knows for sure where they stand. Until he knows somehow that Steve isn't just going to leave him for some girl the first opportunity he gets.

Billy's so caught up in his thoughts that he runs into Steve when the

taller boy stops suddenly in his tracks. "Hey. What--" but Steve shakes his head and nods toward the clearing ahead, frowning.

There's a kid there. Billy thinks he's seen him around before, one of Max's friends maybe. The one kids call "the freak." He's curled up on himself, backpack forgotten a few feet away. Crying. He doesn't see Steve or Billy, or doesn't give any indication if he does.

Billy tugs Steve's arm and nods back towards the woods behind them.

"Come on. Kid obviously needs some space," he says in an undertone.

But Steve frowns at him and shakes his head.

"I know this kid, Bill," he says back. "He doesn't just cry. He's tough. Been through a lot."

Billy rolls his eyes as Steve turns back towards the freak and enters the clearing.

"Yeah, haven't we all," he mutters so Steve can't hear, but he follows anyway.

"Steve?" the kid snuffles when he hears footsteps approaching, looking up at the guy like he's Jesus come down to save him. Then his eyes flicker over to Billy and his frown deepens. "And... Max's brother? Isn't that the guy who beat you up all bloody during the--"

"Yeah, he is," Steve sighs. And that's probably something they ought to talk about too. Shit. "But he's cool now, I promise," he assures, going down into a squat to get on the kid's level. "He's got your same name, you know. William? He's a Billy instead of a Will, but..."

Billy rolls his eyes. How old does he think this kid is, that that kind of shit will endear him to someone he's no doubt heard plenty of well-deserved shit about from Max?

"My name isn't actually William. Just Will," Will counters softly, and Billy almost turns an appreciative grin on the kid but his gaze catches instead on something else. A letter fallen out of Will's backpack, a little tearstained and crumpled by shaking hands. He bends to pick it up.

"What're you doing?" Will's panicked voice cuts in as Billy takes the note in hand, still soft but a little sharper now. "Give that back! That's private!"

Billy flicks him a knowing grin and stands back up with the note.

"What is it? Rejected love letter? A bad grade?" he suggests, unfolding it.

Steve turns to look over at him disapprovingly, and it hurts but Billy wonders at how easy it is for him to turn and look at him like that. Like maybe that disgust was just under the surface all this time. He looks about to get up and take the letter forcibly, but unwilling to start another fight in front of one of his precious kids.

"Billy..." he entreats instead.

But Billy's eyes have already caught on one singular word, and now he's reading the letter whether he wants to or not.

Hey Freak,

Stop staring at my ass in PE. I know you're doing it. We all do. It's fucking gross.

*Not even another fag would want you, Freak. And I'm not a fucking **fagot**.*

If I catch you looking at me again we're gonna teach your girly ass a lesson in respect.

Maybe I'll even tell the teachers what a fag you are.

"Billy?" Steve's voice goes softer in response to the look of rage and disgust and residual hurt that must be surfacing on Billy's face, and he stands up next to the kid, who's still sitting with his knees pulled up to his chest on the ground. But Billy ignores him.

"Who wrote this?" he asks the kid instead, and his voice is iron. He can't blame the kid for flinching, but shit like this makes him feel like a little kid again, unbearably angry. He wants to hit something, hard.

Starting with the piece of shit who'd write a note like this to a kid like the one sitting so helplessly in front of him.

But Will just shakes his head. He doesn't know, or he isn't telling.

"Billy. What is it?" Steve asks, stepping closer and holding his hand out for the paper.

"Some fucking middle schooler thinks he's hot shit, and that blackmailing one of your kids is an option he can get away with," Billy bites out, letting him have the letter as he steps past him to kneel in front of Will.

The kid shrinks a little where he sits, new tears in his eyes as he looks away from the angry teenager in front of him. Billy tries to remind himself that his intimidation act is hurting more than helping in this situation, but it's a hard thing to turn off when it's something he's been perfecting for so many years.

"Hey," he says, turning Will's face toward him with as soft a voice as he can manage. "If you get any more of these you tell me, okay? I don't care when or where. You find me and you tell me."

Will frowns, turning back to Billy before he can stop himself, his eyes searching Billy's in confusion.

"Why...?" he croaks, unfurling slightly. The start of many questions he doesn't know quite how to ask.

"Because that kind of shit," he points forcefully back at the letter in Steve's hands, "is not okay. And if your teachers aren't gonna stand up for you then someone ought to. I wish *I'd* had someone around for me when I was your age. Even just someone to talk to or to threaten the assholes at school with when they pulled this shit and worse."

Steve crouches down beside him, but Will just frowns at Billy distrustfully, like he's just lost any credibility that coming here with Steve gave him.

"You're just saying that," he says, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. "Everybody says they know what it's like 'cause they've been bullied too. But who would pick on you? You're..." he gestures toward

Billy's general stature, somewhat enhanced by the fact that he's taking up half Will's field of vision at this distance.

Billy huffs a laugh and shakes his head.

"Okay, ignore the seriously hard-earned muscle, the pointy earring, whatever, for half a second," he says. "Look at me. Lips, Eyelashes, hair... I'm not exactly tall either, and all that came in the past year or two. Will, fourteen-year-old me would've made you look positively mannish."

Will looks like he's considering this, lets his eyes track over what he can see of Billy, but he's still not convinced. Billy rolls his eyes.

"Steve, I'm gonna borrow your lips for a second, man. Sorry," he says quickly, giving the other boy some warning and plausible deniability if he chooses not to take this time to come out too. And then he's turning and pulling Steve into a soft, deep kiss by the front of his jacket. One that couldn't be construed as anything but flamingly homosexual. He even slips in a little tongue for good measure.

When he pulls away Steve still hasn't moved beneath him, but his eyes don't look angry either. Good. They can talk about it later if they need to, but it seems Steve understands what he's doing at least a little. Billy turns back to their protege and raises an eyebrow at him.

"Trust me now?" he asks.

"You're-- Gay?" he whispers. He looks a little star struck, poor kid. Billy realizes he may have just given him something to jerk to for about the next three years. Whoops.

"Since the day I was born," he cops.

"And... Steve?" Will asks, turning worriedly to his older friend.

Steve smiles a little shyly back at Will and shrugs, then thinks better of it and nods. He doesn't meet Billy's eyes, but his cheeks are going that really endearing tinge of pink he gets when he's thinking of him.

"I don't know what I am really. I mean, I love-- I *loved* Nancy. But now... I really like being with this asshole too," he inclines his head

toward Billy with such a sweet, stupid smile that Billy can't be offended at all. "I dunno. Maybe you can do both. What matters is that you're happy, I think."

Will smiles too.

"Are you happy?" he asks softly.

Steve bites his lip and shrugs.

"Not all the time," he admits, his soft eyes meeting Billy's for a moment. "You've gotta keep it a lot more private than I'm used to with girls, and that's... tiring. But..." he turns back to Will and nods. "Honestly, I don't think I've ever been happier." He says that last almost like it's a secret between him and Will. A whisper Billy isn't exactly *not* meant to hear.

Billy can't help but smile. God, he wants to *really* kiss Steve right now. Kid audience be damned.

"And count me in for Billy's offer too, kid," he tells Will, holding up the note again. "This asshole doesn't know who he's messing with, writing shit like this to Will Byers. You're the toughest kid I know, and I know a lot of tough kids."

Will smiles and ducks his head shyly, his cheeks pinking just a little.

"Thanks, Steve, and Billy. I'll let you know if he messes with me again. I promise," he bites his lip. "But..." he worries, "you won't tell the others, will you? I don't really want to deal with... Not yet."

"It'll be our secret," Billy agrees, standing.

Steve nods, and helps Will up to his feet, messing up his hair affectionately.

"You bet, Byers," he agrees. "D'you need a ride home?" he offers as Will goes to pick up his bag from the ground.

Will shakes his head.

"No, it's all right, I've got my bike," he points a few paces further on.

Billy can tell the kid wants to get out of their hair now just about as much as Billy wants him to. They all need a little space right about now. But Steve is still worried.

"Didn't your mom say no more riding your bike alone?" He sounds like he thinks he's the kid's father. Billy can't tell whether he finds that quality attractive or infuriating. Perhaps a bit of both.

"I'll be fine, Steve," Will rolls his eyes. "I'm not an invalid too, just a fag." He says the last almost like he's proud of it. Man, this kid bounces back fast.

Billy pulls Steve closer to him in anticipation of his trying to go after Will, and turns a kiss into his neck.

"Come on, Stevie, let the kid go home. We've still gotta talk about us. Remember?" he says, smiling into the kiss. Somehow the prospect isn't quite as scary now. Must've been a convincing pep-talk they just gave, to make a dent even on his own internalized shit.

Steve groans in the back of his throat but moves a hand to hold him there as he waves at the retreating middle-schooler.

"First can we talk about how fucking hot it is when you bother to be good with kids?" he suggests once Will is properly out of earshot. "Where has inspirational mentor Billy been this whole time?"

Billy smirks, bringing his lips up to kiss Steve on the mouth.

"Hiding out with doting mother Steve, I guess," he teases.

Steve makes a sound like indignation.

"I am *not* a doting mother."

"Mm," Billy hums. "Yes, you are. And I'm a regular motherfucker."

Steve's groaning laugh turns into just a groan as Billy pushes him back against the tree they were just sitting under, and palms him through his jeans.

"Sex now, talk later?" Billy suggests.

Steve nods quickly and pulls at Billy's shirt, untucking it just enough that he can run his hands up underneath.

Billy shudders at the shock of his cold hands but lets him do it, reveling in the praise of Steve never being able to keep his hands off Billy's body for long when they're alone. Let his father think he bulked up so he could stand up to him - and in some ways he did - but what Billy lives for is this feeling.

He opens Steve's jeans and tugs, bringing them down around his thighs so his half-hard cock slips out into the cold November air. Billy smirks and presses in close to speak against his ear.

"Someone's eager," he teases, hot breath playing over Steve's soft skin. The older boy shivers against him.

"I told you protective Billy was hot, didn't I?" he grunts as Billy slides a hand between them.

Billy raises an eyebrow and pulls back slightly at that.

"You said inspirational before," he points out with a mischievous grin. "Protective though, that's interesting."

Steve blushes and squirms. Turns his attention to opening up Billy's tight jeans for him.

"Shut up," he mumbles.

"D'you need protecting, baby?" Billy purrs, relishing the little moan this forces out of Steve. He leans in and takes his mouth again. Puts a hand on either side of him, trapping him against the tree. "I can do that," he says. "Be your fucking attack dog. Keep you safe from everything."

Steve lets out an affectionate laugh. Slides a hand out from under Billy's shirt once again to feel the pockets of his jean jacket.

"Please tell me you've got the stuff, fucking hell."

Billy smiles against his neck, giving it one last kiss before he pulls back and gets out a condom and a one-use packet of lube.

"How do you want it, baby?" he asks, opening both packets quickly and skillfully in one pull of his teeth.

Steve groans a little as he watches.

"Want you to fuck me," he says. "Like this. So I can see."

He pulls Billy back in softly by the hair and kisses him like it's the only way that he knows how to breathe. Billy groans and struggles to roll the condom over his cock one-handed.

"So hot when you're desperate for it, Harrington," he growls as he pulls away to see Steve pushing his pants further down his legs.

"Mm," Steve moans as Billy slips two fingers, coated with lube, back behind his balls. "Look who's talking," he grunts out, letting his eyes fall closed appreciatively as Billy slides the fingers inside him.

Billy watches him writhe for a while before slipping them out to add more lube and another finger. It isn't long before Steve is pushing him away completely and kicking his pants off the rest of the way. His shoes slip off with them, and Billy raises an eyebrow.

"You're gonna ruin your socks," he teases.

And it's worth it for the utterly filthy smile Steve gives him in return.

"If only there was someone here who could keep that from happening," he says, taking in Billy's still mostly-covered torso promisingly.

Billy tosses his jacket to the ground and presses back into Steve's space in one movement, lifting the slightly taller boy and chasing his mouth as he presses him up against the tree. Steve wraps his legs around him with a grin like he just *won*, the fucker.

"Fuck me," he says, and Billy should be annoyed he's giving orders like this when *fucking obviously*. But it's so hot that he doesn't care. Instead, he carefully adjusts them both so he's lined up perfectly, and then presses up and... *Oh*.

Steve is so good at this angle. So greedy and open and warm and he's

panting like Billy's already making him come. They've never done it face to face like this before. Too intimate for what they were trying to kid themselves into thinking they were. But this is amazing.

He leans in to kiss Steve and presses deeper up inside him inadvertently. Steve clings to his back and moans.

"Fuck, Billy." His cock is leaking now between them, and Billy draws a finger across the tip teasingly, licking precome from his finger with a grin.

"Mm hold on tight, sweetheart," he threatens, and Steve's walls bear down on him.

Billy holds him by the hips tightly and slides himself almost out. Steve's needy moan is cut short when Billy slams back in, and Billy has to brace himself before he does it again. This time he goes deeper. And as he builds up a rhythm with his hips, he finds the right angle so that Steve's shattered breathing is scattered with uncontrollable mewls.

Fuck, he's hot like this. Billy always knew Steve's sounds were intoxicating, but watching his face is just as good. Watching every wave of pleasure chase the wave before across his face, and he looks almost surprised by every one, like he never knew something could feel so good.

"Jesus, Steve," he grunts appreciatively. "I'm so close. So good, baby."

Steve arches his back and tightens his legs around Billy's ass, holding him deep inside as he suddenly stills and cries out.

"Oh, fuck!" and then he's coming hot and thick between their heaving stomachs, his ass tight around Billy and his face so perfect it sends him over the edge too.

It takes a moment once they've finished for Billy to glance up at Steve with a tired smile and lean in for a sloppy, sex-giddy kiss that only lasts a second by virtue of the fact that Billy thinks he might pass out if he has to hold Steve up for much longer.

So he lets the older boy down softly, and hands him back his shoes

before pulling the filthy condom off and tying it.

"You okay?" Steve asks, pulling his jeans up his thighs, and Billy's smile probably looks a little on the drunken side.

"I've never fucked someone so hard that *I* couldn't walk for a week," he quips, pulling his own jeans back up. And then, because Steve still looks doubtful. "That was fucking hot, Harrington."

Steve grins and leans in to kiss him on the cheek.

"Next time I wanna do it to *you*," he says in a low voice just against his ear, and Billy's knees nearly do buckle. Shit, when'd that become a thing he wanted?

He can't even respond when Steve pulls away from him, so he just nods like an idiot and bites his lip with anticipation.

This talk is gonna go a *lot* better than he expected.

Author's Note:

I don't usually like even reading smut like this, in such a public place especially when someone just left the scene, because it feels somehow unlikely and I spend the whole fic thinking, Chekhov's gun style, that someone has to walk in any moment now. That said, I was literally these boys while writing this. I couldn't keep my hands to myself and got so caught up in the moment I didn't even care about the danger. So, I dunno, that's my excuse? *shrugs* whatever.